

Turn Up on Dat

Young Buck

I bought a bunch of pounds and a lot of coke
Made 100 thousand, turned up on these folks
I be running up a check, I fuck a lot of hoes
Put your bands in your hands, you know how this goes

Turn up on that bitch, turn up on that bitch
Turn up on that bitch like (Pow, pow, pow, pow)
Turn up on that bitch, turn up on that bitch
Turn up on that bitch like (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

I look like a brick, I smell like bar money
Let my little brother take my Bentley to the prom for me
I got a real bitch, she gon' take the charge for me
I give it to her soft, she gon' get it hard for me
Another nigga had the molly and the bar for me
The valet brought the maker brand and popped the car for me
Now can you please keep these broke niggas far from me
Cashville bitch, all of this is our money

Turn up on that bitch, turn up on that bitch
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Turn up on that bitch, turn up on that bitch
Turn up on that bitch like (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

I'm in Tennessee, boolin' out in Bashville
I fuck with Buck so I call it Cashville
Youngest popping molly like them shit's is advil
Tall shooter with me, nickname: O'Neill
In the club, bussin' bottles like I'm Meech nigga
I don't fuck with rap niggas, just street niggas
Get my work dropped off on a speedboat
Got bitches snorting lines out of c notes

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Turn up on that bitch, turn up on that bitch
Turn up on that bitch like (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

Bitch I say turn up, I say turn up, turn up, turn up, turn up
Flexing on the race, I been messing with your bitch
Got these hoes going crazy like they in a moshpit
I'm getting money, stay away from me if you ain't got shit

Your family falling and this motherfucker lit
I make 10 bands on it 'fore they split
I'ma buy a Wraith for my next flip
Boss said I get 100 to the bricks

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